

# MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

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## THE MOHAVE MINER.

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WEST BOUND.	STATIONS	Arrive.
Leave.	(Mountain Time)	11:27 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	Albuquerque.....	7:00 a.m.
8:55 p.m.	Wingate.....	6:00 a.m.
9:25 p.m.	Gallup.....	5:30 a.m.
10:50 p.m.	Manuelito.....	4:45 a.m.
11:30 p.m.	Marble Springs.....	3:55 a.m.
1:10 a.m.	Holbrook.....	1:10 a.m.
2:45 a.m.	Winslow.....	11:50 p.m.
4:05 p.m.	Canon Diablo.....	10:30 p.m.
7:45 p.m.	Flagstaff.....	9:15 p.m.
8:15 a.m.	Williams.....	7:15 p.m.
9:44 a.m.	Ash Fork.....	5:25 p.m.
11:04 a.m.	Prescott Junction.....	3:45 p.m.
12:45 p.m.	Prescott.....	7:30 a.m.
1:53 p.m.	Kingman.....	10:00 p.m.
2:50 p.m.	Yuma.....	9:10 a.m.
3:42 p.m.	The Needles.....	7:20 a.m.
5:05 p.m.	Manuelito.....	4:02 a.m.
6:27 p.m.	Marble Springs.....	11:27 p.m.
7:17 a.m.	Daguerre.....	9:00 p.m.
8:10 a.m.	Barstow.....	8:00 p.m.
4:40 a.m.	Mojave.....	5:40 p.m.

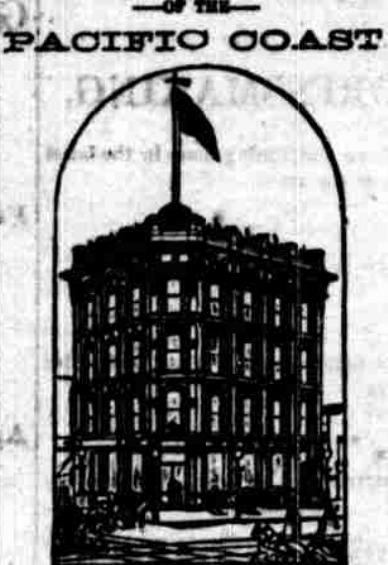
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Haggard, author of "She," etc.; Anna  
Katharine Green, author of "The Leaven-  
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## A LOAD OF BANANAS.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE COAST  
OF JAMAICA.

How the West India Dock Works by  
Torchlight—A Lively Party at the  
Wharf—Cutting Off the Steams—The  
Ventilating Funnel.

Shortly after dark the banana loading be-  
gan, and nothing connected with the fruit  
trade is more picturesque and romantic than  
the loading of a banana ship, particularly  
when the work is done at night. There was  
the long wooden building in which the ba-  
nanas were stored, with an uncovered board  
platform about twenty feet wide between it  
and the wharf at which the ship lay. A  
hundred darkies, perhaps more, were loiter-  
ing about waiting for the work to begin,  
and there was nothing in which the West India  
dock comes out so strong as in waiting for  
the work to begin. A big torch was lighted,  
and the flame of it made the platform as  
bright almost as day. Lanterns were hung  
about inside the building, and through the  
open doors could be seen great piles of ba-  
nanas stacked up like hay; and all green, for  
they are cut in the unripe state, and should  
not, if they are properly managed, be more  
than just beginning to show a few yellow  
speckles by the time they are landed in New  
York.

A dozen men went to work and lashed a  
white plank to the side of the ship in such a  
position that it made a platform large enough  
for two men to stand on, about four feet  
above the wharf and the same distance below  
the dock. The cover was taken off the for-  
ward hatch and several men were sent below  
to stow away the bunches as they were pass-  
ed down. Other men were stationed between  
the rail and the hatch to pass the bunches  
along. Men and women carried bunches from  
the shed to the ship and handed them to the  
men on the hanging platform. An inspec-  
tor was constantly on the wharf keeping a  
sharp eye on every bunch and rejecting all  
that had any blemish or were under size. A  
colored man with a sharp count stood about  
midway between the shed and the ship, and  
with a dexterous blow cut the long and use-  
less stem from each bunch as it was carried  
past. Thus each bunch went through five  
hands in its short journey from the storage  
shed to the hold of the ship: First a girl or  
woman carrying it as if their own; then  
passed upon a man's quick time. The two men  
in the shed, put it on her or his head, and  
carried it to the men on the hanging plat-  
form; they passed it to the man on deck, who  
in turn handed it to the men in the hatch-  
way, and they gave it to men still deeper in  
the hold, who stowed it away where it was to  
remain till it reached New York.

The order to begin work instantly turned  
the quiet wharf into one of the liveliest  
places imaginable. Twenty men and girls  
made a rush for the shed and came out, one  
after another, with bunches of bananas on  
their heads, as if their own. They were  
passed upon a man's quick time. The two men  
on the platform, as they received the  
bunches, called out the number for the tally  
keeper, who made a mark for every bunch  
received. Then began a musical but monotonous  
chorus that lasted till the last banana  
was on board. The men on the platform re-  
ceived the bunches alternately, first one and  
then the other, each one as he handed his  
bunch up to the deck calling out a number  
that never went beyond four. First the  
right hand man cried "Wan," in a voice that  
might have been heard on the other side of  
the island. Then the left hand man, and  
And the other one again, "Three," and the  
left hand man again, "Four," and then the  
first one, "Tallies," the "tally" coming out  
every time five times longer than any of the  
others. Then it began again with the  
"Wan," "Three," and so on, till in a  
short time the tally keeper had a row of  
marks reaching across the broad pages of his  
book. Occasionally some of the workers  
started up a song and the others joined in.

The whole scene was typical of life in  
the tropics, with the awning stretched over  
the passengers' deck to keep off the night  
dew, the darkness at work by the light of  
big torch, the pleasant smell of the bananas,  
the soft warm air and the negro songs. It  
was a tropical cargo that we had through-  
out, with 300 bunches of sugar in the hold,  
a great weight of mahogany logs and some  
cocoa and tobacco. In a short time the whole  
wharf was covered with the cut ends of  
banana stems, and these had frequently to be  
swept away. Two or three times somebody's  
finger failed or his foot slipped and a bunch  
of bananas came down on the wharf with a  
thud and broke to pieces, only to be thrown  
back without ceremony. It seemed im-  
possible for the man to keep swinging his  
cutlass in the midst of that hurrying crowd  
without nicking somebody's head, or at least  
lopping off an ear or two; but he evidently  
understood his business, for no such accident  
happened, and the cutlass never descended  
without bringing with it one of the cut-off  
stems. It would have been impossible, of  
course, for such a crowd of West Indian col-  
ored people to work together without some  
wrangling and quarrelling, and in such cases  
they are not sparing of their lungs, and scold  
away at each other as if they were in a  
fight. They take it out in scolding,  
however, and rarely or never come to  
blows over their work.

This went on from 7 o'clock to 11, with a  
racket that made sleep impossible. In three  
hours 4,000 bunches of bananas were put  
in the hold, and more would have been taken  
if more had been loaded the day before, and  
nearly emptied the storehouse. The stowing  
away in the hold is work that requires ex-  
perienced hands. Careless work there would  
result in a spoiled cargo before the ship  
was on her destination. They have to be  
carefully packed as a lady's trunk, and so ar-  
ranged that the air will reach them as much  
as possible. A fruit steamer is a marvel in  
the way of pipes and ventilators and all sorts  
of contrivances for keeping bananas in good  
condition. The deck of the Alvo, as soon as  
we had bananas on board, became a wilder-  
ness of great iron ventilating funnels, each  
as high as a man's head, and each re-enforced  
with canvas arms, spread out to catch the  
breeze.

On the other hand, when the ship reaches  
higher latitudes on her northward voyage,  
the ventilators have to be taken away and  
the hold heated with steam pipes. The Atlas  
Steamship Company has a system of protect-  
ing its fruit that seems to be nearly perfect.  
The hold must be kept at just such a tem-  
perature as nearly as possible throughout the  
voyage—a few degrees higher would ripen  
the fruit too rapidly and a few degrees lower  
would chill it. Above all things, no mil-  
water must be allowed to touch the fruit,  
not even spray, for nothing ruins the banana  
quicker. The record of the homeward voy-  
age of a banana ship is a wonder for the  
care and attention that is given to it. The  
meters are lowered into the hold through  
openings provided for the purpose, and a re-  
cord is made of each test on blanks provided  
for the purpose. Even the opening or closing  
of a ventilator has to be recorded; so that  
when the strictly first class passenger, the  
banana, reaches his destination his owner  
knows just what treatment he has received  
throughout the trip.—William Drysdale in  
New York Times.

## A WISH.

The flower is withering on its branch,  
Its leaves with crimson burn;  
There seems to me an avalanche  
In every way I turn.

Oh, give me back my bygone days!  
Give me back my childhood days  
From pleasures I depart;  
In many a dreary place I roam  
To still my restless heart.

Oh, give me back my bygone days!  
Give me back my childhood days  
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